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THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BY A. D. EDDY, D.D.

THE way of duty is the path of interest. In keeping the commandments there is great reward.

While godliness is profitable unto all things, honest enterprise, laudable pursuits, and success in life are favorable to true religion—that is, the elements of true success in this world are happily auxiliary to the attainment of eternal life.

It is true, men eagerly pressing for the attainments and honors of this world, are the last men to become the subjects of grace; yet it may be true, that whatever most conduces to *honest* enterprise and success is equally favorable to religion and godliness.

Young men are often so engrossed and so grasping, that they have no time and no heart for that reflection and vigorous effort which religion demands. But are such men successful, even in this world? Do they attain the high ends of life? Look at their toils, their wasting cares, their troubled hearts, and what do they secure of permanent good? Ease, intelligence, virtue, religion, anything that adorns life and enriches the soul, and spreads with visions of light and beauty the coming future, is utterly and for ever lost. There is the morning brilliant with hope, alternate

sunshine and clouds; gains and losses ensue—sad reverses. Ere noon has come, life is wasted, and a miserable wreck of infirmity and decay sinks, grievously disappointed, to the grave.

The ample fortune, gilded array, costly equipage of the few, decide no great moral principle, and least of all, determine what are the true elements of success.

He only is successful in life who has advanced and risen in lawful pursuits; gained repose amid the agitated elements of a sinning world; has acquired intelligent perceptions of duty and interest; laid foundations for future action, and provided for the intelligence and virtue of such as shall come after him; who has written his name among the wise and the good; laid claims to the gratitude and admiration of his offspring, and has founded securely his title to the inheritance heaven would bequeath.

There is no conflict between the highest aims and ends of life, true wisdom and virtue, holiness and eternal glory. The true elements of success in this world are actually friendly to the attainment and culture of genuine religion. It is not true, that this world, when used aright, is ever hostile to piety. It is its

perversion, its abuse, that dissipates, deranges and drowns the soul in perdition. All nature speaks aloud the wisdom and the love of God. In exuberant bounties and exhaustless beauty it would elevate and enchain the soul to the Author of life and salvation, and, as in a pathway of glory, lead to the skies. And Providence, rightly studied, is but one flowing stream of wisdom and love, towards whose pure fountain-waters every soul, as by white-robed seraphs, is called away. And what of human pursuits that promise good at all, but would aid intelligence, virtue, and holiness? What is there, then, in nature, in Providence, or in man's duties and relations here, that should cloud the soul or eclipse the promise of the future? And since there is so much that so often and so fatally does, how perverted, and abused, and turned to evil must this world become! To guard against this sad issue, rightly to estimate our duties and relations, and reach the ends of life, is a noble aim for all.

What, then, can more demand our interest and our study than the

ELEMENTS OF TRUE SUCCESS IN THE WORLD?

Who is not pained and alarmed at the failures in fortune and character, of confidence, credit, health, and life, that crowd the world? Who is not sick of their countless details, and tired of wandering amid these wrecks of enterprise and character, tracing the causes of sad and fatal issues? It would seem that wisdom had departed, and honesty and virtue gone for ever.

But still there are some bright chapters in the journal of life. The steps of the successful adventurer are still visible. Elevation and honor still crown, and bless, and radiate along the path of honest aspiration, and beckon onward the resolute and virtuous to the prize, sure and bright before them.

What, then, are the elements of true success in life?

FIRST, FILIAL RESPECT.

God has one leading, magnificent moral design in this world, and the family constitution is eminently adapted to that design.

The Christian church, that emblem of heaven, is but one great, sanctified family; and nations extended and powerful, to live at all, must be pervaded by the principles and spirit of the domestic circle. Yea, it is out of this circle the church has risen and nations sprung. The dependence, respect, and love adorning the domestic scene, are the bands of

strength and crowns of honor to the nations of the earth, and the glory of the church of God.

We say, the high design of infinite mercy in the administration of grace, rests upon the domestic economy, and just so far as this is rightly regarded, the best ends of life are secure, and where this is set aside or despised, the chief good of life is lost. Hence that pledge of good to them that uphold the order and the beauty of the family scene. And what feature so lovely and so securing of good as the constancy of *filial respect*?

What is *filial respect*? It embodies, of course, a delicate interest in parental pleasure, a cheerful subordination to parental authority; withal, that kind sympathy, and ample support, and tender care which the decline of life and the helplessness of age would draw around the path and over the sick and dying bed of the wasting father.

These virtues, this subordination, respect, kind support, and care, will, of course, draw out and cultivate the best feelings of our nature, and prepare us to become the useful constituents of more enlarged communities, where we may receive that confidence and support, sympathy, patronage, and care in return, which so secure to us that prosperity of which I speak, *true success in life*.

These filial virtues are not the blessings of domestic life alone, but the checks of sinful passions and pursuits, and the securities of virtue and usefulness in the higher relations of life; the securities, too, of the love and confidence of our fellow men. I say the love and confidence of our fellow men; and this is no trifling end secured. For what can we gain in life when the respect and confidence of others are gone? These enjoyed, and we have more than capital can give. With these we cannot but succeed.

You know how full the Scriptures are with promises of good to the filial, and how full of denunciations upon those who dishonor the name of father and mother. But with solitary exceptions, I do not believe that youth who honor their parents, are respectful, obedient, kind, and virtuous for their sake, ever permanently fail in the honest and laudable pursuits of life.

This grand element in the constitution of human society, the growth and beauty of the social state, the strength and order of nations, God delights to honor, and will ever bless.

The second element of success in this life is a due observance of the Christian Sabbath.

We allude to no arbitrary law of God, laying his judgments upon us as we transgress the enactment of the Sabbath, but we refer rather to its indirect bearings upon the conduct and general character of men.

The Sabbath is, by every man of wisdom, regarded as a season of physical rest. As such, and for the purposes of moral reflection and culture, it is essential to the life and vigor of our frames, and to the security of virtue and religion. There is a law of the outer and of the inner man, each of which equally and for ever demands the observance of the Sabbath. The one is wasted to premature decay; the other runs to wildness and death without it. This is true independently of all divine assurance from the Bible. It stands out in the history of man everywhere.

The observation of men in common life, in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, everywhere testifies that man must rest on the Sabbath, or be ruined. And that numerous class who, from love of gain or supposed necessity, pervert this blessed institution of the Sabbath, if not speedily ruined, live in misery, to weep over more than ruined families and blasted prospects.

The sin of Sabbath violation never stands alone. It is not only in itself destructive, but it engenders almost every other delinquency. It removes the safeguard to virtue in almost every form, relaxing the bonds of moral obligation everywhere.

And it is equally true that *respect* for the Sabbath does not stand alone. It is one of the first and highest social virtues, the security of intelligent morality, and the handmaid of genuine godliness.

Our benevolent Creator well knew its importance and its virtue to the natures of man; how his physical economy needed it, and how his moral constitution would wither and die without it. And the one no more rises above the lassitude and wasting of laborious industry from its refreshing rest, than the other, disenthralled from the perplexing cares and tempting varieties of the world, turns to profitable reflection, and enjoys the reviving and ennobling blessings of moral repose.

The very associations of the Sabbath; its sublime origin; the sanction God gave it; the end for which it was given, to worship its Author and prepare for Heaven; its connection with God's greatest works of creation, providential care, and gracious redemption,

prefiguring the glorious rest of Heaven to the righteous, all necessarily benefit, morally and permanently, every one that rightly regards it.

That man who keeps the Sabbath is prepared, body and mind, for the successful pursuit of the honest and laudable ends of life. He comes with fresh energy to his work, and his mind, from its reflections and communings on moral, spiritual, and eternal scenes and truth divine, is guarded from the crowding and corrupting associations of the world, which otherwise might, and so often do, gain the uninterrupted possession of the soul, and drown it in perdition.

Let man go on without the Sabbath, and his mind is distracted and his body wrecked; but give to each its appropriate and designed advantage, and you have all that your nature, the law, and the grace of God require, for the highest and best ends of your being. Time puts on new charms, and eternity is robed in brighter visions. The soul is free, and the heart, responsive to the claims of heaven, beats with fresh and lively sympathy in the service of the pure and blessed above.

The third element of success in the laudable pursuits of life, is an habitual observance of the social duties of religion.

This, the Sabbath itself requires, and no more did God ordain the Sabbath, than he devised the tabernacles of devotion, and smiled upon the temples of Zion. The sweet spirit of Heaven no more comes silently into the soul, resting in retired devotion on this hallowed day, than the kindling Shekinah radiated from the mercy-seat at the offerings of the priests and hosts of Israel.

The high control and vast influence of the social principle, the immense advantage of congregational worship, is not adequately understood. This social principle is recognised and improved throughout all the arrangements of the Bible. God no more took the solitary and set them in families for the culture of the domestic virtues and the care of each other, than he ordained the assemblies of men for the equalising of their moral natures and necessities, and the cultivation of the social and the Christian sympathies.

Men can no more secure the ends of political and national success and defence without the family and conventional arrangements, than they can secure the objects contemplated by the Gospel without the congregation of the saints and the assembling of themselves for the discussion and contemplation of truth, the

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acknowledgment, communion, and worship of God.

There are indeed a thousand precious benefits to the soul in private meditation, self-review and devotion; but the richest and the highest excellencies of religion are presented to us in the social relations and the public assemblies. The *family*, that early symbol of the church and of heaven—the *family*, the *church*, and the *assembly* of the first-born above, embody the perfection and the glory of religion; and amid the ceaseless rejoicings of the saints in light, we hear nothing of private and secluded devotion.

There is, indeed, a union of sentiment and purpose that first draws us together to the sanctuary of devotion; but it is the simple fact of there fixing our eyes together upon the same divine objects, and communing together before God in heavenly places—the same truths, natures, destinies revealed, reviewed, and enforced upon us, that awaken, and, almost by miracle, draw forth and mature mutual and reciprocal interest, and rapidly cultivate those feelings of heart and habits of intercourse that are most essential to successful engagedness among our fellow men in the active service of life.

It is not alone that these habits of church-going are to some extent a test of moral character; but more than this, and independently of it, there are moral habits formed, and moral associations created, trains of thought originated, mental discipline secured, general enlargement and liberalising of mind, which in no other way can be secured, and which go far to prepare men, and especially young men, for useful and acceptable intercourse in life, for confidence and successful engagements among their fellow men. Mutual respect and interest are thus created, and without mutual respect, interest, and confidence, how can men succeed in life?

The force of this social principle is felt everywhere. The known fact of our respective assemblies for the same great end, one common object, and that of virtue and of Heaven, in mind, this it is that binds us together. Hence the Christian tie of mutual, social love runs through the world, and those we never saw we respect, and in their integrity most cheerfully confide.

This world everywhere illustrates this truth. Mark that community where the Sabbath assembles its worshippers in habitual and punctual attendance; there see its har-

mony, intelligence, order, and general prosperity. The very earth around, in verdure and richness, proclaims prosperity, and every dwelling has the unerring symbol of domestic elevation and peace. But what is that community where no Sabbath service comes; no house of prayer; no assemblies of devotion? There is scarce one comfort there found. The man alone, each house, the whole community are shorn of dignity and every ornament, and life's best blessings are there unknown. The very fields of native richness grow barren, and ignorance and poverty are the fruitful issues of Sabbath desecration and neglected worship.

Equally is this true of selected families in the same community. No sooner withdrawn from the worship of God, the sanctuary, and the assemblies of devotion, than they begin to die out of the mind, and the acquaintance and all the moral sympathies of the more virtuous, intelligent, and prosperous.

And still more true is this of individuals. No family associations, no social affinities can long secure that man his enviable and desired place in society who is unknown in the house of God. He loses immeasurably, and of that, too, which is more than capital, and which is essential to success in the pursuits of laudable industry.

That young man who is known punctual to his duties and social relations in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, is almost necessarily known as in the formation of habits and the cultivation of principles which ever secure the respect and confidence of all men. These very habits are to him a passport of credit and a capital; while the contrary invariably speaks idleness and indolence, or delinquency of moral character. If they are not in the house of God on such a day, where are they? If they do not reverence the Sabbath and worship God, what will they do, and who will they reverence and respect? and who will or can respect them? What can be found of redeeming traits of character, or safe principles of action, where these habits of devotion and practical regard for religion are unknown?

We have seen these sentiments and principles illustrated again and again; we know them to be true and safe, and we would have you, just starting into the active services of life, form your model for imitation by embodying these essential elements of success. See

if they ever fail. See if there is not manliness and virtue here, beauty and a charm, a commanding excellence nowhere else to be found. Every other adornment gone, there is a dignity still left that ensures all you need—a guardian reserve against every reverse of fortune and impending evil.

We do not say that there is here necessarily true religion, such as heaven demands and

eternity shall perfect. But we do say, here lies the path of preferment in life, and all along its green and flowery way there are heard the calls, and proffered the aids, and breathed the hallowed spirit that would bind you to the kingdom of God and infinite blessedness; and the heavenly hand of the white-robed seraph would lead you onward to palaces and crowns immortal.

SONGS OF THE PROPHETS.

BY MRS. J. C. W.

O, ISRAEL! in thy favored days,
What strains of poesy rang
From glowing hearts and burning lips,
When thy rapt prophets sang!

Songs went up from the ancient hills
Where the dark shadows fall,
On Mount Libanus—o'er the rills,
From cedars dense and tall.

From palace hall, and dungeon dark;
From tower, and steep, and tree;
The palm-shade, and the juniper,
And willow waving free.

By desert brook, and wilderness;
By Sinai rent and hoar;
By altar, and from cavern dim,
And th' great sea's sounding shore.

From Carmel's top, that looketh out
Where meets the sky and sea;
And Tabor, whose fringed mantle hangs
O'er lovely Galilee.

From Nile, amidst the lotus leaves,
Or where, in shadow hid,
The toiling Hebrew wrought and sighed
By the tall pyramid.

And where long fallen Babylon
Knows not her place or name,
There, by the winding Euphrates,
Burst forth their souls of flame.

And thou, Damascus, peering forth
From gardens sweet, and bowers,
Where Pharpar and Abana flows
Through beds of Syrian flowers.

And Zion! from thy towers and steeps,
Midst crowds and tumults rung,
Went up thy choral symphonies,
With solemn anthems sung.

And when the second temple rose
Midst hope's delicious tears,
The aged Hebrew's wail was lost
In youth's exulting cheers.

There, in those meaner courts, the strain
Of thy last prophet sped,
In sweet sad accents, wailing forth
Her day of glory fled.

Yet, taking up the fainting note
Of beauty past and gone,
One line of deep rich promise wrote,
A bold and stirring tone,

Its weight*—"Thy Messenger shall come
With light, and life, and love,
And suddenly His temple fill
With glory from above!"

Then sank the music on the hill
By Siloa's sacred tide;
The pen, the harp, the voice was still—
Vision and prophet died!

* Malachi, chap. 3, v. 1.

THE FATHER IN THE SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

(Concluded.)

As he often said, in after times, that had been the most frightful moment of his life. Compared with it, the coming night was light, the keen wind mild that blew about his dwelling. He had thrown himself, exhausted, upon his bed; he lay in a state between sleeping and waking, when a knocking at his chamber door announced some new misfortune. He was summoned to attend a dying person, but not one in his own house. His child still lived.

It was a shepherd from a solitary hut that stood far away on the moors. "A poor woman who had lost her way," he said, "lay in the agonies of death in his little chamber, and cried loudly now for aid, now for death, and now for the consoling presence of a minister of God."

"Aye, aye, good pastor, she will fall straightway to the pit, as she says herself, unless some one comes who can attend to the wants of her soul. It may be that matters are not altogether right with her, for she bleeds badly, as if some one had attacked her, and she had but narrowly escaped; but she will not say a word about the matter. There is but little help for the body now, for the frost has done its work thoroughly. Her cries for a minister of God are enough to frighten the lambs in the stall, and you are the only pastor hereabouts."

It was a severe contest, but the victory was soon gained. His moaning child had no tale of sin to impart to him. He commended it to the care of a higher being, kissed its hot brow, and left it in the charge of its mother, who did not even look up as he closed the door after him.

Never before had he ridden out into the wintry night thus destitute of consolation. The scene which he had just witnessed in the shepherd's hut brought no comfort to his wounded heart as he recalled it to his memory on his way homeward.

The severe cold did not abate with the falling snow, which descended faster and faster. His weary horse sank in already above his knees. No spurring could urge him to a trot. The rider's feet and his knees, where the wind blew aside his cloak, were stiff with cold; the hand that held the bridle was benumbed. Even the breath of his horse, which was borne back upon him from the beast's mouth, was grateful to him. And if he gave the animal the spur, and it could bear him at a quick gallop through snow and wind, what would he find at home? Scarce a fire upon the hearth, all around poverty and desolation! A child, his own, his last, lay perhaps dead in the cradle, and instead of soothing sympathy, he must listen to the complaints or imprecations of a wife whose heart he had lost, and who repented having shared her lot with his.

He then thought of the hut which he had just left. He had witnessed there a severe struggle with death. Some wicked deed lay like a load upon the poor woman's breast, and notwithstanding her wounds and exhaustion, seemed to bar all outlet to her fleeting spirit. Her bosom heaved; she stretched forth her arms as if for help, but her tongue would not obey her bidding. She had been assaulted, perhaps with murderous intent, and still she reproached herself with the guilt of murder. She begged for forgiveness. She declared that for three days and nights she had repented of her crime, but the Lord had not vouchsafed to show her mercy. Again and again she stretched out her arms, as if after some beloved object which had been torn from her. She prayed him to pardon her, for she had always loved him, and she implored him not to appear in accusation against her before the throne of God. Thus much she spoke connectedly, amid the delirium of her fever; but at a question from the pastor, her tongue became motionless; her lips tried in vain to utter the name after which he asked. Having

for three hours unsuccessfully essayed to learn more from the poor woman, she sank at last into a quiet slumber, which seemed the precursor of her last long sleep.

Thus the pastor had left her. Was there not greater peace upon the straw pillow of this repentant sinner, who was breathing out her spirit, than in his own house. There lay his gasping child; there was his upbraiding wife; there the officer of the law would to-morrow knock at the door, to wrangle with the sexton for the last he could call his own.

A cheerful thought, a noble hymn, had often strengthened him in moments of distress. It was not the first time that he had ridden out in the wintry night; not the first time that his limbs were benumbed, that his blood stood still in his veins; yet until now there had been some hope amid his sorrows, some light amid the darkness. But where now should he find a cheerful thought wherewith to elevate his soul? If he began a hymn it died away upon his lips.

A frightful idea now forced itself upon his mind. It was in vain that he tried to banish it; by degrees it twined its meshes about his heart; it enchaind his senses with sweet and seductive influence. Sleep weighed upon his eye-lids, and in sleep all his cares would vanish for awhile. Thus far, by the continual motion of his limbs he had kept his blood in circulation; now he moved them no longer; the bridle hung slack in his palsied hand; he no longer guided the steps of his horse. His pulse beat slowly; this repose was pleasant to him; his excited fancy no longer summoned up images of torment.

What was death?—What was death to him?—He had no longer a child to lose, nor wife, nor happiness. His arm was weak; he could no longer bring aid to the needy. What was his life here below?—what his prospects for old age?—all dark as the stormy night.

The bridle had slipped from his hand and he did not perceive it. The snow-flakes whirled about him with increasing violence; they fell upon his cold face but he was not sensible of it. He saw nothing, he heard nothing, except the dim, drifting sleet, by the faint light of his lantern. Beyond, the white snow-flakes, as far as the eye could penetrate, were flakes upon flakes; they were above him and around him, and his weary horse sank deeper and deeper into the loose snow. The scene was an emblem of eternity, of the long

night of death; and he seemed riding thitherward; there, where there is no day, no night, no beginning, no end! No opening in the clouds displayed the starry heavens; the guide-posts that were set up to mark out the path which the drifting snow had covered, as it swept across the trackless moorland, vanished from his sight. This did not disturb him; he scarcely observed it. His eye was fixed with a stare upon the head of his horse. The panting of the beast was the only sound that fell upon his ear; as it came at intervals from his hollow chest, it harmonized with the monotony of the scene. The keen wind had now abated. That mild guest, compassionate sleep, banished by the exertions of two nights and days descended gently upon his senses. All his cares disappeared.

His horse now stopped suddenly. His pace had been so slow as he labored through the snow that the poor man scarcely observed the change.

The beast pricked up its ears. That was a new sight for him, for, for a long while, he knew not how long, he had seen nothing before him but the horse's head and his drooping ears, and the snow which, when it had settled upon them, fell off on either side at each increased exertion of the panting animal. But the panting of the horse was not the only sound that fell upon his ear. He heard an indistinct moaning, but whether near or at a distance he could not distinguish. He was scarcely conscious of his own existence, indeed. The snow lay thick upon his cloak, upon his lap, upon his stiffened arms. He seemed like a statue which had stood for centuries, beaten by the wind and rain, and covered with snow. His long, deep sufferings had been forgotten; they were to be aroused anew.

A cry which now interrupted the moaning called them into life again. That was not his child's voice, the sound was much less complaining, much less soft; it was not the voice of the mother borne down with griefs, nor that of the poor woman whom he had left in the agonies of death. It was a frightful, prolonged cry of despair.

Where was he? whence came that cry? There was nothing near, nothing around him but the monotonous snowy night. Far and wide he beheld not a single object, not a single guide-post. How distant from the road might he not have wandered!

The cry was again heard on his left, but the

one who uttered it must be at some distance from him. The pastor endeavored to rise in his stirrups; he shook the snow from him, but his feet were lifeless; his knees refused their service. He was sensible that he had stood upon the brink of death. A few moments and his pulse had ceased to beat.

A dismal scream now arose from the heath, and the blood started suddenly into his veins. He regained the power to draw his foot from the stirrup and dismounted. He called loudly through the darkness, "Who cries there?"

All was still for a moment, then a voice groaned forth, "Here! Here!"—the rest was lost in the roaring of the wind. The sound seemed to come from some spot below him. The pastor could judge of the direction. Leading his horse by the bridle, he waded towards the place from whence the voice proceeded. The lantern cast an uncertain light around him. He was advancing onward but the instinct of the beast saved him. It stopped, reared, and pawed in the snow.

The pastor gazed carefully before him. He strained his eye-balls, and through the falling snow perceived a chasm just at his feet. A single heedless step, and he had plunged down the abyss, into which the unhappy wanderer probably had fallen, whose cries he had just heard.

It was one of those ditches or reservoirs of water which are so numerous in this part of the country. The rider must have deviated far from the road, for no canal crossed it or ran near it. The darkness and the white covering of snow prevented him from judging of the depth and extent of the pit.

"Dost thou lie below there, unhappy one?" he cried, in order to assure himself of the direction whence the sound came.

"Here! here!" was heard again, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Hast thou fallen over the precipice?"

Help! help!—I am dying!—Oh heavens!"

The pastor thought that he could now discover the spot whence the cry proceeded; it seemed to come from the right close below him, and the descent was apparently of no great depth. Commending his soul to God, he sat down in the deep snow, and holding firmly by the hard frozen earth, slid down as far as he could go. His success was beyond his expectations; accident had guided him to a gently sloping spot, and after gliding down for about eighteen feet, he reached the bottom.

His horse, either from curiosity or from instinct bent down his neck over the chasm, and the light of the lantern enabled him to look about him. But even when he heard the groaning again, he could not discover the sufferer.

"Raise thy hand aloft, if thou art able."

Something now stirred in the snow; an arm was slowly lifted, only, at once, to fall again. The pastor now labored with hands and feet, and soon uncovered a human body; it was a man whose failing powers did not permit him to second the exertions which were made for his relief.

"Wast thou overtaken here by the cold?"

"I fell."

"Where art thou hurt?"

"All over."

"Give me thy arm. Support thyself by me."

"Too late!"

It was too late.—What his injuries had left undone—lost in the snow-drift he had been precipitated upon the hard ice—was completed by the cold. It was in vain that the pastor tried to raise him, his head sank backward at each attempt. He rubbed his brow with snow, he chafed his breast; it was useless—the death-rattle grew more and more audible. He was able to move his left arm only, and with this he kept pointing beyond him, as if toward the opposite side of the ditch. He tried to speak, his lips moved, yet no sound escaped them except an anxious—"There! yonder!"

"Unhappy man, thou standest upon the verge of eternity. Cast aside all thoughts of earth. Thy life is ended!"

"Mine!" groaned the man.

"Turn thy thoughts toward him who gave it to thee, and who in his inscrutable pleasure now taketh it away again."

"Mine!" he groaned, sounding the words with more emphasis, and striving to raise himself—"Ah—I—lost—but the child!"

"Another human being here beside thyself?"

"Save, save—the child—kind heaven—save—I am dying."

"A child!" said the pastor, kneeling down, and bending over the dying man, "speak, where?"

He received no answer; with a hollow frightful groan, the poor man breathed his last. The desolate pastor now stood alone near the corpse, in the deep pit which the falling

snow threatened soon to fill up completely. A white shroud already covered the indistinct form, which he had but just extricated, and the same shroud concealing another human body that might still perhaps be rescued. Where in the wide abyss did it lie? He listened, he heard, as he thought, a low moaning. No, it was the neighing of his horse. The child had probably fallen down the precipice with the dead man. He imagined he could see a dark point projecting above the snow; he was about to make his way thither, when his horse became restless and drew backward. Scarcely a ray of light was left him. Sudden, fearful anguish darted, like molten lead, through his veins; his failing powers at once revived; for the warmth of no wine, no bed, could so have relaxed his stiffened limbs, so have set his blood in motion, as did the fear of losing the light. He stood, folding his hands, silently praying that the animal might not forsake him. But the horse turned away, and he stood alone in the darkness.

"Innocent being, appear then with my child before the throne of the Eternal!"

It was now impossible to save it; he had nought to think of now but how to gain the height again. Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind that he had felt a pocket-book in the breast-pocket of the dead man. Here moved the snow from him again and was employed in detaching the pocket-book from his coat to which it was fastened, when he heard a breathing close at hand. Some living thing was near. He reached towards the other side of the body and found his expectations fulfilled. He labored with eager activity—he cast aside the snow, and discovered a child well wrapped in furs lying beneath it. It breathed quickly as if just awakened from a death-like slumber. The thick warm garments which had protected the child from the violence of the fall, together with the covering of snow had preserved it from the cold.

He caught it up, pressed it to his breast, kissed it upon its warm lips, and its first inarticulate sounds inspired him with new life. He was unable afterwards to remember how he clambered from the pit, but he knew that the hope of rescuing the child, alone gave him strength to do so. His horse, obedient to his voice, turned at the moment, when with his dear prize in his arms, he made his last exertion to swing himself upon the height. It lighted his way, then shook the snow from

its back, and suffered him to mount with his new burden.

He was happy, and why? Because a new load lay upon the poor man's shoulder! It seemed to be a child of three or four years of age. At every step upon the road he re-assured himself that it was safe and well, but how distant was his dwelling! Ere he reached it the keen breath of the night air might stiffen its limbs in death, and he might bring in his arms a dead child, to his own dead child!

"Wind is cold," said the boy in the English language, the simple sounds of which differ but little from those of the coast of East-Friesland, and the pastor pressed his beast with the spur.

"Better the horse than a human being," he thought, and counted the passing moments.

They seemed like hours; considering his condition and the state of the road, the horse went briskly. He clasped the child to his heart and kissed it, in order to soothe it, and said, "Dear child, we will soon find a mother."

"Mother is bloody!" said the child.

He now beheld a light glimmering in the distance across the snow. It shone probably from some peasant's cottage near the village. His wearied horse neighed at the sight, and stopped when he reached the hedge. The pastor carefully dismounted with the child, and tapped at the window whence the light was shining. He tapped several times, but received no answer. The panes were covered with ice, he could not see through them. As a last resource, he raised the frail sash, and beheld a desolate chamber and a corpse. A light was burning at its head, and shone upon its pale and rigid face. It was the poor woman to whom he had been summoned that evening, and this was the shepherd's hut which he had left some hours since. His horse, remembering the fostering hand of the shepherd had carried him back to the spot from which he had set out on his weary way. All life had vanished from the hut; the dead body seemed to have scared away the inmates; not a trace of them was to be seen; a large black cat alone sat upon the oven, staring upon the corpse with its glowing eyes. "Ah, mother looks so cross!" exclaimed the child as he stepped with him into the dismal chamber.

"Is that thy mother?" asked the pastor, deeply affected by this new, strange and fear-

ful occurrence, and his dark glance rested now upon the boy, and now upon the body.

The terrified child began to cry, and sobbed out, "Yes, yes, it is mother." The words came anxiously from his lips, as though the answer was extorted by fear.

"Poor boy, thus then thou dost find thy mother! Look at her once more; there, stamp her last image in thy memory."

"No, no, no! cross mother!" cried the child, and struggled, as the pastor would have led him nearer.

A beam of light darted through the old man's bosom. He tore open the pocket-book and a glance at the papers which it contained confirmed his suspicions. He kissed the boy, and exclaimed, "Happy father, there is still hope for thee. Thy child is saved!"

The letters and documents left no doubt that the child which he had rescued was the stolen son of the wealthy Englishman, who had advertised his loss in the daily journals, and appealed to all men for their aid.

But was that aid sure even now? The boy cried for food; he was weary and fretful. He called upon his mother to rise and give him something to drink.

His mother would rise no more, and the good pastor soon satisfied himself that there was neither food nor drink to be found in the house. The sheep had long since been wintered at a distant shepherd's, and the occupants of the hut, timorous as he knew them to be, would not return before the break of day. And had not his own child, his own wife, his recreant wife, a stronger claim upon him? was she not the mother of his dying child. He did not confess to himself one reason which drove him forth. He was unwilling to pass a lonely night with the corpse in the dreary wintry hut.

It had ceased to snow as he mounted his shivering horse again. He turned him toward the guide-posts; he hoped to reach the village before dawn. The child, wrapped closely in its furs, rested upon the saddle before him; he had bound him fast upon it, fearing the worst.

Who will blame the unhappy man, if, amid the weighty sorrows that bowed him down, a more cheerful image played before his vision! He held a treasure in his arms. The rich reward of the father, could not, it was true, breathe life into his own dying child, could not

restore to him his wife's love, but how rich was the world, how fair the joys of existence, how enticing the images of hope!

But alas, the keen east wind had begun to blow again, since the snow had ceased falling. "I am cold," said the little fellow, and wound his arm about the neck of the horseman. The pastor was cold likewise; he counted the moments, the beating of his pulse, he felt every step of the groaning beast that bore him.

The horse stopped on a sudden, and the next instant fell. Pastor and child lay buried in the snow. The wearied, exhausted beast lay trembling for a moment, and then gasped out its last breath. The light in the lantern was extinguished.

"And this, too!" was all the pastor could utter, but he held the trembling child toward heaven. The wind had blown aside the clouds, and a single star was visible.

"Courage, courage, my child! A Father above sees thee. He will give me strength."

He kissed the boy, breathed upon its benumbed face, and clasping it in his arms, went on his way encouraged. It was no time to say farewell to the faithful companion of his poverty and distress. The boy hugged him closely about the neck. Thus he walked onward; every step was a toil, but the wind, to which he had been more exposed when on horseback, blew less keenly upon him now that he was on foot.

Motion gave him new strength. He carried his little burden for a considerable distance without stopping to rest.

"Where is my other father?" said the little fellow.

"In heaven above us," he answered.

"No, that father lies in the snow," said the boy, "I do not want to go to the cross father."

"I will bring thee to thy good father; do not fear."

"My good father did not carry me out into the snow."

"He will give thee a handsome dress if thou wilt be quiet."

"The good father is far away."

"The good father is near to all his children."

The boy now fell asleep. His breath warmed the pastor's cold cheek. But soon he was unable to proceed, he paused, completely exhausted. He had taken the right direction, he recognized objects around, but how could

his weary feet bear him with the slumbering boy over this sea of snow? The village lay about three gun-shots distant, and his call for help could reach no human habitation.

But a sound fell upon his ear. It was the ringing of the bell. Thus early! what could that mean! It was but at intervals that the single tones reached him through the wind. It might be a burial, perhaps the burial of his own child. No, that could not be; his return must be looked for every hour; they would wait for him at least a day. Yet it could not be a burial, indeed, for he would have had notice of it yesterday. But the tones echoed again and again in his bosom. He beheld the little grave, the silent train, the mother bent to the earth with sorrow, wringing her hands in despair. He felt that *his child was dead*.

"I will still be a father to this child," he exclaimed, and raised it again to his shoulder. "Ye weary limbs, ye would yet hold out if it were my Henry."

The clouds dispersed, the heavens became clear, the stars shone kindly upon him, the eastern border of the retiring clouds were already tinged with red, and by the early dawn he could discern the church steeple. He pointed it out to the child, as if it could inspire him also with courage, as if the boy would grow more cheerful at the happy sight. But his burden felt heavier and heavier; the pastor's knees grew weak, he sank down against the guide-posts, just as the first sun-beam tinged the white roofs.

"Thy will be done!" he said.

"Why do you stop? it is so cold!" moaned the boy.

He was unable to answer. "Perhaps he will outlive me as he did his companion in the abyss," he thought, and clasped him more closely in his arms. "Some one may pass this way, while life is still in his veins, and will snatch him from the arms of the cold, stiffened man, and carry him to his father."

A shrill, piercing whistle, now sounded through the morning air. It was answered on the right and left. Life seemed to swarm upon the wide field of snow. Figures, men on horse and on foot, moved onward, and all were coming toward him. The blood stirred once more in his veins. He raised the boy aloft.

"Save the child!" he cried, and sank to the earth.

But not to die. He awoke toward noon in

his own chamber. It was cheerful and warm. Strengthening draughts and refreshing food stood upon the table, such as had not been seen for a long time beneath his roof. A man with a chesnut-colored beard, of a tall form, and dignified, earnest mien, stood near him with a boy in his arms.

It was the one which he had rescued, and it was pointing at him with its little fingers. "The other father in the snow is waking up!" said the child.

The man stepped toward him, pressed his hand, and said in English, "Heaven will reward you for what you have done for me."

"Were you so near?" said the pastor, after a few moments' reflection.

"And scarcely near enough for your rescue. I had been on the track of the ruffians for four and twenty hours. I had learned that yon villain had forsaken the faithless nurse, who had been bribed to place the child in his hands, nay, that finding her penitent, he had probably murdered her, and had fled with the boy in the darkness and storm. I myself had given the alarm to all the villages around; the ruffian could not have escaped. But who would have saved my child, who would have rescued my boy from the fury of the tempest, if Providence had not sent you to his aid. I will roof your house with gold, but the father can never pay you, no one can pay me for the life of this child."

"Where is my child?" cried the pastor, keenly reminded of his fears, and he extended his arms toward them.

"With another Father in Heaven, and is there praying for its poor guilty mother!" cried his wife, as she leaned over the bed, and concealed her weeping face in the pastor's hands.

"Thou hast outlived the anguish, unhappy mother!"

"His heart beat for the last time at day-break. But long before, I would fain have hastened after thee, to implore thee to forget what I had said. I did not say it; it was the grief, the madness within me. It has been a fearful night. I have been punished, severely punished for it, and my child above will pray for me."

"How brightly the sun shines; all is forgiven, all is well!" said the pastor, as he raised himself in bed, and clasped his repentant wife to his bosom.

"All well!" sighed his wife, "we are childless!"

"You are yet young," said the stranger.

"And I have no parents," she continued.

"They only cast thee forth, they did not aim at the life of thy child," replied the stranger, who had been informed of the particulars of their history. "I have no longer

a father, for he it was who planned the robbery of my child, to enrich a younger son."

"In the snow of the winter night, and in the night of Life, a Father's eye watches over us all!" said the pastor.

THE COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

FRONTING Broadway, where most thronged by the devotees of business and idleness, are two grave-yards, each dotting the graves with mounds and white stones, around two of our most fashionable churches. These places for sepulchres were opened when New York was but a small village, and the dead were placed in ground consecrated by the temple of God, and where the Sabbath hymn and the solemn prayer might "steal o'er the place of graves." They were then remote from the tumult of business—remote from the din of human care and human folly. They were then hallowed by the spirit of repose. Now, as the giddy and tumultuous throng crowd that great thoroughfare, there is something awful in the mute appeal of these mementoes of the dead—the hushed and time-worn records of a dead city spreading themselves forth to arrest the eyes of the living. One shudders to think the time may come when we also may lie by the wayside, amid noise and confusion, music and revelry, the rude jest and the daring oath, and the fine sense shall no more start at the Babel of discordant sound; and we inwardly pray, "Let me lie where the birds will sing over my grave!"

We recall the church far away, where we knelt in childhood, and the hushed and green "burial-ground," where rest the ashes of those for whom we first wept, and learned the sad burden, "passing away, passing away." Let us recall one so still and beautiful, sloping the hill-side, that, as Shelley said of Keats, "it is enough to make one in love with death, to have so sweet a resting-place;"

and the poor, sensitive poet might have here "felt the daisies grow over him." In the spring of the year, when "the south wind quieteth the earth," and the last heaps of snow have melted away from between the hillocks, it is pleasant to behold how every mound is draped in its green robe, and looking forth to the light, as even these, in their mute eloquence, would whisper of the undying hopes of immortality.

There the poor mother, who beheld her babe laid away amid ice and snow, comes to look upon its little grave and see that all is smoothe and verdant. Many a mourner walks forth to weep over those for whom the spring shall no more awake, nor the blossom put forth its beauty.

Thus, year by year, did the pale members of the Hill family go forth to weep, gathering with pale fingers their black robes about them, and looking through their folds of crape with cold blue eyes and marble features, till nine brothers and sisters slept side by side, as if death were in love with his victims. I saw one of the brothers shortly before the grey shadows passed over him, and my memory still recalls his tranquil, even cheerful look. He was in the first flush of manhood, which had promised health and distinction, but the cup had been dashed from his lips, and he meekly turned his face to the wall, as knowing he must die. I was in the first days of girlhood, buoyant, hopeful, exultant in life and health. With the freedom of the dying he took my hand, and looked calmly and earnestly into my face. I was

awed by his solemn look, his cold hand, and felt as if my own heart had lost a pulsation, for I did not blush nor turn my eyes away. He laid his other cold hand over mine, and uttered in a low and most musical voice, "We shall meet no more on earth; may we meet in heaven." For weeks the cold touch of his hand above and below mine, with its hue of health and life, was like the pressure of a clod upon it, and I could not away with the impression; but the memory of that simple prayer comes back as if its utterance from dying lips involved the assurance of a place in heaven for me.

Reader, art thou one ready to share the festivity of thy friends, to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and yet shrinkest from companionship with those that mourn? If so, I shall weary thee. Wouldst thou wear the garment of festivity, and recoil from the sackcloth and ashes? If so, cast me aside, for mine is of another spirit. The region of tears is holy ground. None but they who are purified from self are fit to watch and tarry at the entrance, far less are they fit to enter this Gethsemane of the soul. None but they whose locks have been wet all night with dew, and their hair with the drops of the morning, who have trodden the wine-press alone, and tasted the gall of the sacrifice, are worthy to enter into the temple of sorrow, and fold their robes in silence, because of the greatness of their grief. But if thou art of another spirit—if those that once were dear to thee are always dear—if thou dost feel that death is life, the grave immortality—

draw near, I pray thee, and we will weep together.

Behold this stone! Yes, it is the grave of a sister. Years has she rested there, yet it seemeth but a day to the greenness of memory. Others tell of her youth, her beauty; and she was my friend, my sister! I saw the soul, and the fair temple was only a fit receptacle for one of such truth and nobleness. We were but two, and fatherless. Need I say more?

She died. I was not by her to take her last kiss, and even now I recoil with anguish from the thought; though blameless, it should not have been thus. I could not receive the tokens of death. There was the cheek unchanged, but pale; there was her abundant hair, her fair fingers, her sweet smile! My God! the agony of that moment, when there was no look nor word of response to my affection! I felt as if the sunshine had been suddenly shut from the earth, and a black pall cast over all things. O, how long and many have been the days of sorrow!

Life came with its terrible realities, and I learned that I could lay my hand calmly upon her dead brow, and whisper, "It is well." To die with heart full of love, and trust, and hope, trailing the glory of this into the invisible world, surely it is a blessedness. To die ere every cup hath received, drop by drop, the infusion of life's Marah waters, surely is the blessing of those meet for the kingdom of Heaven. Sainted and most beautiful thou wert blest!

FIRE AND WATER.

A jeu d'esprit, composed in a steamboat.

BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON.

I.

FIRE and Water had long antagonists been
Struggling the empire of earth to win;
Boiling over with fierce and inveterate hate,
They foam'd and they vapor'd whenever they met.

II.

At length, one pleasant, sunshiny day,
They happen'd to meet in a friendly way,
And propos'd an alliance; with this the chief point,
They should hold o'er the world dominion joint.

III.

The thing was no sooner said than done;
Away they shot like lead from a gun;
Over the land and over the seas,
And wherever they went they rais'd a breeze.

IV.

They bor'd through the hills, and the valleys they spann'd,
And they tore like mad o'er the level land;
They paus'd not, they slept not, but on they sped,
And their only cry was, "Go ahead!"

V.

They shriek'd, and they scream'd, and they yell'd with delight,
That wild Fire-fiend and that Water-sprite;
Such lots of fun it was rare to see,
Such rollicking, frolicking, madcap glee.

VI.

They saw men toiling sad and slow,
And they wink'd at each other, and said, "O ho!
Let us snatch up their burdens, and whisk off their ships,
And a fig for their old fashion'd spurs and whips!"

VII.

So the ships they scud with never a sail,
And they cross'd the sea in the teeth of the gale;
And the cars they flew with the speed of a bird;
Never before was the like of it heard.

VIII.

But 'tis hard all at once bad habits to break,
And the old pugnacity oft would awake;
They would snarl and sputter, and fume again,
And a grand blow-up was the consequence then.

IX.

'Twere long to tell of the frightful screams,
And the headless trunks, and the mangled limbs,
Of the frantic mother bewailing her child,
And the widow'd bride in distraction wild.

X.

But in spite of it all, they keep travelling on,
And they talk of a trip to Oregon;
And boast that they'll make us, before very long,
Next door neighbors to old Hong-Kong.

THE LOST BROTHER;

A TALE FOR SISTERS.

"Do you really think, Edward, that his sisters' unkindness was a cause of Harry's dissipation?"

"Yes, Mary, I do really believe that Harry Milner's dissipation, desertion of home, and subsequent ruin, is attributable mainly to the cruelty of his sisters. I do not hesitate to say they are responsible for their brother's disgrace and ruin!"

"You speak with *emotion*, Edward, as if you knew the fault was theirs; but is not the supposition unkind?"

"It is *not supposition*. I speak with earnestness, because I *know*. Had you known Harry as well as I knew him, you would feel as I do. And I may say, had his sisters known him as I did, they would have been at no loss to account for his conduct. But in that case, his career and its termination would have been very different from what they were."

"Dear Edward, how strangely you talk. If his sisters had known him as well as *you* did! Do you suppose they were less acquainted with their brother, living with him every day of his life, than you, who only saw him occasionally?"

"I certainly do not mean to say that his sisters might not have been far better acquainted with him than myself or any one else, excepting his parents; and that they were not, was their own fault, the more so as they both were older than he."

"And what leads you to think they were not? How could they help knowing him?"

"They never *cultivated* their brother's acquaintance, Mary. They never sympathized with him. And it may be doubted if our knowledge of any person ever exceeds our sympathy with him. But it *cannot* be doubted that our false estimates of character are in a great measure attributable to this lack of sympathy, especially where appearances are unfavorable. Had Harry Milner's affections been cultivated when he was a child, and, as he grew older, had his sisters entered warmly into his feelings, and won his confidence by giving him their own—in short, had they loved and treated him as a brother, he might still have lived to bless the home which their love had rendered dear to him. On the contrary, their

whole treatment of him, from childhood to manhood, tended as directly as if that had been their design to alienate him from his home, and repel him from the hearts of his kindred."

"My dear brother, I am surprised to hear you speak in this way, and yet I cannot doubt that you think you have sufficient grounds for these heavy charges. I was never much acquainted with Harry's sisters, but have always found them pleasant in their manners, and should have presumed they were amiable young ladies. I cannot imagine how they should have been so very unkind to their brother, as you represent. Do tell me what you know about the matter, for of course you are not conjecturing."

"You will do me the justice, Mary, to admit that I am not in the habit of forming unfavorable conjectures respecting the conduct of others; and I am sure it will be no breach of poor Harry's confidence, and no injustice towards his family, to say to you, my dear sister, what I would on no account say to another on this painful subject, for painful it is indeed to me. I loved Harry Milner with the affection almost of a brother, and I marked his downward progress with unutterable sorrow. You know that in our school days we were more warmly attached to each other than any two of our playfellows."

"Even then Harry had begun to feel very keenly at times the influences which were slowly but surely working his downfall. But the elasticity and buoyant spirits of children enable them to resist unfavorable influences for a long time, though they may eventually be crushed by them. Ah! little know they what they do who rudely treat the heart of childhood."

"At that early period, Harry's sisters were little better towards him than young tyrants. As we were all children together, I had an opportunity of noticing their treatment, then, which, of course, I could not have after we became older. His gratifications and preferences must always yield to theirs, 'because,' as his father said, 'they were girls;' but his sisters said, because they were 'older than he.' Then he must not only run on all their errands, and wait on them in every reasonable

way, which no young brother would have done more cheerfully, had these things been requested instead of being always demanded; but he must also submit to all their *unreasonable* requirements, and gratify their whims and humors, no matter how great the inconvenience to himself. His own gratification or comfort never seemed to be taken into the account at all. Indeed, if he ventured to speak of his own wishes in opposition to theirs, he was immediately reminded that he was only a little boy, and threatened with 'father's' displeasure, or the loss of some favor from his sisters, which, however, under any circumstances, he was very likely not to receive.

"As he became older, the same ungenerous spirit was exercised towards him, and in a greater variety of ways. When he was thirteen years of age, he was still treated as a little boy, and his sisters, who were then fifteen and seventeen, appeared to regard him in no other light than a convenient appendage to the family. He was never allowed to indulge in any of those little pleasantries so natural to children of that age, nor to take part in their conversations. If, on any occasion, he ventured an opinion of his own, he was at once laughed down by one sister, and frowned down by the other. 'What do you know about it?' or 'who asked for your opinion?' and similar taunting interrogations were usually sufficient to silence him.

"His faults—and he had such as are common to childhood—were exaggerated and treated with severity, while he was frequently accused of those of which he was not guilty. Scarcely anything he did was right; but when, as I knew, he had done his best to please them, they would often find the most fault with him."

"Do let me interrupt you, Edward, just to ask if his parents allowed this treatment."

"Mr. Milner is a man of strange contraries of character. He possesses strong feelings, and, of course, strong prejudices. He is, moreover, very partial to his daughters, while Harry he always treated with severity. If the girls entered a complaint against him, it was presumed to be just, without investigation, and the poor boy censured accordingly.

"Their mother was indulgent to all her children. She saw with pain the injustice with which her son was treated by his father and sisters, and remonstrated against it; but she lacked the decision necessary to correct

the fault on the part of her daughters, and gently reproving them on every recurring occasion, left the evil for time to remove, while her husband's pride of opinion prevented him from being benefitted by her counsels. He would insist that Harry's wayward disposition demanded the sternest treatment, and that nothing less would prevent him from coming to utter ruin, and their grey hairs from coming with 'sorrow to the grave.'

"His mother, therefore, endeavored to make him what amends was in her power, by treating him with increased indulgence. She never reproved his faults, or crossed his inclinations, made no requirements of him, and exacted no obedience. But she knew not the art of cultivating his affections or securing his confidence; hence she was a stranger to the workings of his heart, and had no ability to aid him in self-discipline.

"She, however, was rather to be pitied than blamed, for she really tried to do what to her seemed best for him, and her very failure was the result of misguided *kindness*. She, therefore, could not inspire such a spirit as Harry's with respect. Still he loved his mother, and while she lived he did not wholly despair, for he felt he had one friend in his father's house—one who would listen to his wrongs, and feel them, too, if she could not redress them. But his mother died, you know, when he was but fourteen years of age."

"How did he fare, then? His condition must have been more unpleasant than ever."

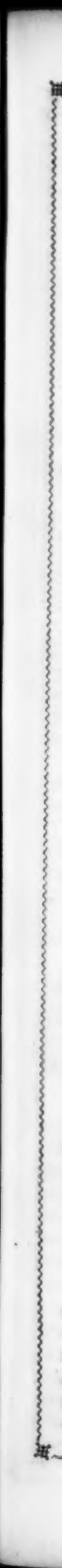
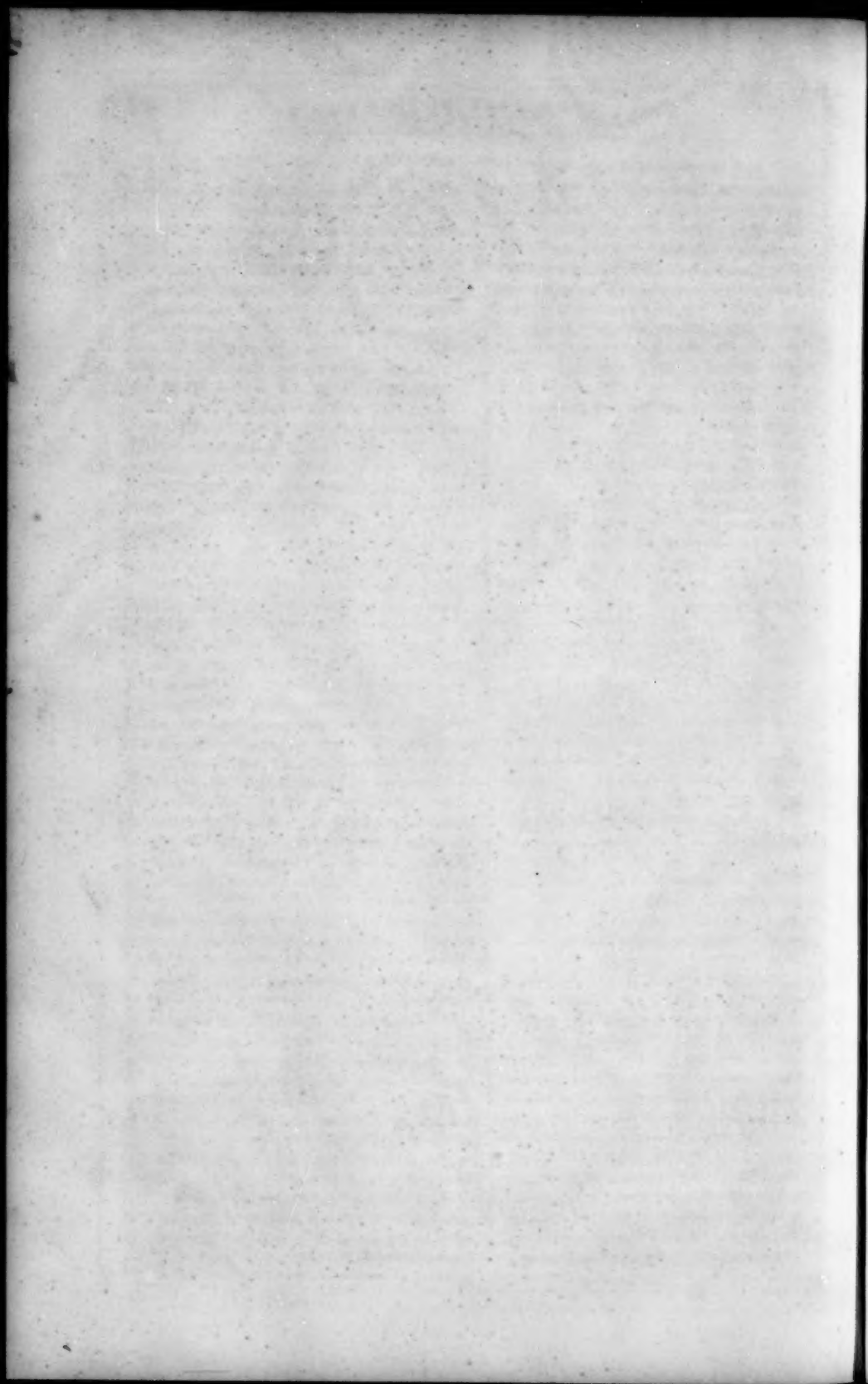
"After the death of his mother, his father's severity relaxed somewhat, and he seemed to be more influenced by the former remonstrances of his wife, after her death, than while she was living; but he knew nothing of being a companion for his children, his grand object being to lay up money for them. He was, therefore, as ignorant of his son's character and disposition as ever. Harry, of course, suffered less from his father's injustice than when younger, and he gradually outgrew the domineering spirit of his sisters."

"Then I should suppose he might have been happier, and become a worthy young man, after all. Does not your sympathy for your friends lead you to throw off the blame of his conduct, which properly belongs to himself, upon others?"

"I think not. Had his sisters at that time, sensible of their injustice towards him, endeavored to atone for it by kindness of heart and conduct—I say of *heart and conduct*, for



Crocus—Iriopdia Monogynia.



they must be combined in order to be effective—had they sought, even then, by all the means which sisterly affection knows so well how to employ, to heal his spirit and make him happy—they would have succeeded; and oh! what a reward would have been theirs!

"Harry had a warm, a noble heart. His disposition was emphatically social. He yearned for sympathy and love. He might have been somewhat romantic, and, Col. Blakely would say, morbid in his ideas of social life and happiness. If he were the former, he certainly drew his ideal from the picture sketched by the hand of nature on his own fervid imagination. If the latter, it was owing to the irritating influences to which his too sensitive spirit was continually subjected. Had his sisters been true to him, they could not have failed of loving him, if they possessed any discernment of character, or any capacity for appreciating what is truly estimable."

"How could Harry have been so estimable, Edward, as you represent him, and at the same time yielded to such vices? It seems to me that your partiality for him, and your own enthusiasm, lead you to overrate him."

"Harry's character was strongly marked, and those very characteristics which, rightly directed, would have rendered him one of the noblest and best of men, by being perverted, made him *capable* of becoming the worst. There is surely nothing paradoxical in that, my sister."

"Certainly not. But then, Edward, why do you lay so much stress upon his sisters' unkindness as the cause of his ruin? I cannot see why they should bear all the blame of their brother's delinquencies, and he be exculpated."

"By no means, Mary, would I exculpate him, and transfer his own moral accountability to his sisters. It cannot be done. But you will bear in mind that I am neither justifying nor condemning him, but simply showing, as it appears to me, the agency which his sisters performed in accomplishing his ruin, and how they might have prevented it."

"The truth is, dear Mary, we never fall alone. We not only bring others down with us, but others also are instrumental in our overthrow; and nowhere is this instrumentality more apparent than in the narrow circle of friends and kindred. It is beneath the parental roof, my sister, that this power be-

comes the most effectual for good or for evil. I do not know as there is any such thing as overrating a brother's, a sister's, and a parent's influence."

"Tell me, if you can calculate it, the amount of happiness or woe that has its origin within that world in miniature, *our home*. What tempers are not cultivated there? what passions engendered? and what career of honor or of shame has not there its commencement and propelling power?"

"No, Mary, I do not exaggerate a sister's influence or accountability, nor would I be censorious towards a sister's faults. I too unfaithfully discharge a *brother's* duties to be severe with those not more fallible than myself. You know I am not one of those who would throw off all the responsibilities of life upon your sex, as though ours had nothing to do but to stand by and act the odious part of task-masters and censors. There are too many such already for me to add to their number."

"I am the more unreserved in my remarks, from the feeling that none of them can apply to my own dear sister. But if the opinions and strictures of an elder brother are worth anything to her on this point, it will be in helping her to form the habits of those younger sisters who are everywhere springing up delightfully around us. Let your little pupils, dear Mary, learn from your lips the nature of a sister's duties and her unfailing reward."

"You said Harry outgrew his sisters' tyrannical spirit. Did they not manifest more interest in him as he grew up? I think you said he was twenty years old when he left home."

"Yes, he was nearly twenty. He had been in his father's store three or four years after leaving school, and a source of great regret it was to him that he was obliged to remain in his father's house."

"Harry was very impatient of restraint, and as home presented no attractions to him, he naturally enough felt that escape from its thralldom would be freedom and comparative happiness. You may infer that his sisters had not yet found the way to his heart. They, of course, treated him very differently from what they did when he was a boy. He had changed, and so had they; but it was a change which had little to do with the affections. There was nothing marked in their ordinary course to a common observer; the

most striking feature was, probably, that of indifference, and that is so common as hardly to be called *striking*. They evidently preferred the society of any other gentleman of their acquaintance to that of their brother. Although in the absence of their attentions they were very glad to avail themselves of Harry's, he was not, however, always disposed to render them the most cheerfully. Still his pride often led him to attend them where it was not proper that they should go alone; and he often yielded to their importunities, for he was far from being selfish, and no one took more pleasure in performing a kind office where he thought it would be appreciated. Then he was often left alone a whole evening, while his sisters were out, or were entertaining company in the parlor—that was in part his own fault; but the truth is, he had little sympathy with their favorites, and it often happened, too, at times when he was indisposed, or depressed in spirits, or over fatigued with the employments of the day. One instance of the kind occurred but a short time before he left home.

"Harry had been in to see me through the day, and I discovered he was suffering from a severe influenza. I reproved him for being out, and told him to go directly home and tell his sisters that he must be nursed, or they would have him sick with a fever in less than two days. He replied that he could not spend time to be sick at present, and he thought he should be able to get along without nursing until night, and then he would try what a warm bed and sound sleep would do for him. He soon left; but he looked so ill that I really felt concerned about him, and immediately after tea I called to see him. I found him alone, and very sad indeed. When I entered he looked up, and as I caught his eye I saw there had been a severe struggle going on; but he had mastered his feelings so far as to appear calm. I took hold of his extended hand—it was burning with fever—and inquired, 'What are you doing to-night for your health?' He replied, 'Not much.' 'But, my dear Harry,' I said with some earnestness, 'you *must* do something. Where are your sisters?' 'They are out,' he answered calmly. 'Did they go out since you came in?' I asked. 'Oh yes,' said he, 'they went out since tea.' I was somewhat excited, but managed to keep down my emotion, and said to him, 'Harry, you may think me impertinent, but you know we have ever been friends and confidants—

tell me, how came your sisters to leave you this evening? Did they not know you were too ill to be left alone?'"

"'Edward,' he replied with suppressed emotion, 'if I have a friend and confidant in the world, it is yourself. I say to *you*, then, what I am too proud to say to any one else, my sisters are *not* sisters to me. They have little love or sympathy for me. They know not what they are doing; but they are destroying me, body and soul, I fear, and they will one day know it to their sorrow.'

"I saw at a glance what the conflict had been, and forbore to make any farther inquiries. But the pent-up fires which were consuming his soul would have vent. He went on to say, 'My sisters were offended because I refused to go out with them to-night, although they must have known that I was too ill to be out during the day. They will not be home till late, and I am very sure they will not do anything for me when they do return, for I shall not ask them to. I have made up my mind to one thing, Edward,' he continued, 'and I shall not be slow in its execution. I have tried to remain with my father during my minority, but I cannot endure another whole year of such a bondage.'

"I trembled at this announcement, for I knew well the strength of his determinations; but wishing not to appear to treat the matter too seriously, I inquired very calmly, 'Where will you go?' 'Anywhere, *anywhere*,' he quickly replied, and with great agitation. 'It matters little to me where I am, or what becomes of me. I think sometimes I shall die in a mad-house, and then again I resolve to care nothing about myself or anything else. If I once escape from *home*, I shall make one effort, cost what it may, to forget the past; but how it will end I cannot say.'

"I cannot tell you with what emotion I listened to this half-sober, half-frantic language. I was aware that Harry had contracted habits of dissipation, and that they were gaining upon him. I had frequently talked with him as faithfully as I knew how, and he would always listen kindly to what I had to say. Sometimes, in his more tender moments, he would acknowledge he was destroying himself, and that he thoroughly despised his course. On this occasion he made the same confession in reply to my remonstrances; but he struggled hard with his emotions as he added, 'Edward, you who have a home that is a very Paradise, cannot understand the

strength of my temptations. You come home dispirited, exhausted in body and mind, or perhaps as I am now, half sick, and you find friends, and sympathy, and love. Not to speak of your parents, you have sisters whose hearts are open to meet you, and their hands ready to administer to your comfort. If you wish to go out, they are ready to go with you. If it is quiet that you need, they are equally ready to remain at home. Would you converse, conversation is what pleases them. Would you have reading, they wish to read or listen to you. In other words, your sisters love you, and desire to see you happy.

"'I am not selfish,' he added; 'at least, I do not mean to be. I would not have my friends always *forego* their own gratification to conform to my wishes; nor would I desire them to keep their invention on the stretch to try what they can do to make me happy. All I desire is the pleasant look and voice, the gentle words, and *little* deeds of kindness, which cost an affectionate heart so little, and yet are more valuable to the receiver than countless treasures, or the "gold of Ophir."

"'All this, Edward,' he continued, 'and much more than this, lights up your home, and renders it the abode of happiness to you. You have no temptation to go abroad in quest of sympathy, for the purest, that nearest to perfection, is found at *home*, and love such as lives nowhere else this side of heaven.

"'But oh! the blighting influence of a cold, selfish, *heartless* home!

"'No, 'tis not home, and to call it by that hallowed name is a misnomer, a profanation!

"'For what is home, and where, but with the loving?

Happy thou art that canst so gaze on thine!"

"'Oh! that I were fit to die, Edward, I should not desire to remain here a single day!"

"'Oh! that you *were*, my friend, fit to die,' I replied, 'for then you would be happy in living. And why will you not let me lead you, dear Harry, to that Friend whom you so much need, and to whom I have so often invited you? On his breast, believe me, you may find rest for your troubled spirit, healing for your wounded, bleeding heart. Why will you not go to Him *now*, my dear friend?' 'Ah, Edward,' he answered, 'it is an easy thing for you to be a Christian; your parents and sisters are Christians. Oh! that you could persuade mine to be so! All the happiness I look for now is in utter oblivion.'

He was about to proceed, but suddenly checking himself, he said, 'No, Edward, I will not pain you any longer by this strain, 'tis very selfish. I see I have already distressed you too much. Forgive me, I did not sufficiently reflect. But it seems to-night as if a fire were kindling on my very brain. I shall be better to-morrow.'

"During the remainder of my visit I succeeded in turning the conversation and his thoughts, as far as possible, from himself. It was my last visit at the house. He was out the next day, and called to tell me he was better. He seemed calm, and the few times I saw him afterwards there was nothing remarkable in his appearance. It was soon after that his sudden and mysterious departure from home took place. But the remainder of my poor friend's history you will not desire me to repeat, and it is too painful for me to dwell upon. I would for ever throw the pall of forgetfulness over the last two years of his unhappy life. Oh, Mary, who can tell the deep and settled anguish of his noble spirit! Who can measure the intensity of that suffering which drove him to such a miserable end!

"I can never sufficiently reproach myself that I did not make a more vigorous and persevering effort to save him. Ah! had I for a moment expected such a result!"

"Poor Harry! I had no idea that he possessed such feelings, much less that he was so unhappy—and so *young*, too! How strange that his sisters could have been so ignorant of his character, or the effect of their unkindness. But do you not think, Edward, he was a very rare case?"

"In some respects it unquestionably was so; but in its general feature I have reason to think such cases are by no means uncommon. Harry Milner possessed an unusual degree of sensibility and native refinement, and we feel the sufferings of such minds most keenly.

"But I fear thousands of young men of good natural dispositions, and who might have become blessings to their friends and to the world, have been led into habits of dissipation and crime through the neglect of kindred at home.

"They may not have been treated with the same degree of cruelty which Harry received from his sisters, but there is the same lack of interest in them, and of sympathy with them. Their sisters make no special effort to render *home* attractive to them; their tastes and feelings are less consulted there than elsewhere,

their company less sought and valued. What wonder, then, if they yield to the stronger influences abroad?

"Nor need any sister be surprised if she discovers, too late to remedy the evil, that her neglected brother has wandered far beyond her reach, in seeking the society of other and more congenial spirits than her own.

"Time was when she might have holden him for ever, by the golden cord of her affections, from vice and ruin; but she let go the chain, or suffered it to become tarnished, corroded, *broken* in her hand; and now she will strive in vain to recover what was once her own, although she seek it 'carefully with tears.'"

"You have indeed drawn a fearful picture, my dear brother, of a sister's duties and responsibilities. I never thought of them in so serious a light before, for I have always

felt that the happiness which brothers and sisters find in each other's society and welfare was all the inducement they could need for the cultivation of their kindest sympathies. It seems to me that by far the greater part of the happiness of life consists in the exercise of these *home affections*.

"Much as I enjoy the society of my general acquaintances, and there are some among them whom I love very dearly, still I should not hesitate to give them all up, were it necessary, rather than have the happiness of our family circle impaired by my own neglect or the unfaithfulness of any of its members."

"Let us each cherish these feelings, my dear sister, and, with the blessing of God in answer to our earnest prayers, long, long may it be before we shall have occasion to mourn in bitterness of spirit over the loved, but lost!"

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, D.D.

On a recent visit to the residence of a beloved brother, who, together with the writer of the following lines, long enjoyed the prayers and instructions of a now sainted mother, the

sight of an old and well-worn Bible, which had for years been her companion in the house of her pilgrimage, awakened tender recollections, which found utterance as follows:

Yes, 'tis my mother's Bible! O! 'tis sweet
To look once more on thee, thou dear old book!
What though thy leaves by age and use are soiled,
And dingy is thy time-worn sheep-skin dress;
Yet fairer to my moistening eyes thou art
Than volume deck'd in costly dress of gold
And velvet, made for fashion more than use,
Because thou wast my mother's!

Blessed book!

The very finger-marks that blur thy leaves
Are beauties in my eyes, because they tell
Of that soft hand, that tender mother's hand,
Which often on my infant head was laid,
While words of fervent prayer were breath'd for me.

O! blessed are the dear remembrances
Of childhood's days! Yet blessed more than all
The memory of a tender mother's love—
A sainted mother's prayers! I feel it now;
The sweet illusion o'er my senses creeps,
Like cherish'd dreams of infancy revived;
And once again, sweet mother, once again
I feel thy hands upon my temples press!
Once more I see thee kneeling with thy boys,
And hear thy well-remembered words of prayer:
"God bless the lads! and grant that they may be
Happy recipients of thy blessed grace!"

Though thirty years have well nigh run their round,
Since thus thy words of prayer were breath'd for me,
And thou hast long since reach'd thy heavenly home,
Yet now I seem to be a child again;
And thy sweet, gentle tones, thus breath'd in prayer,
Fall on my ravish'd ear in melting strains,
Like heavenly music from thy harp of gold,
Borne on the winged zephyrs down to earth.

Again I look upon those cherish'd leaves,
And see the trace of tears upon the page
Where royal David breathes his sorrows forth,
Or David's Lord, beneath the heavy load
Of human guilt, in bitter anguish groans.

I saw, perhaps, those very tear-drops fall!
Yes, I remember how I stood and gazed,
With childish wonder, mother, at thine eyes,
Moisten'd with tears before the Holy Book.
I knew not *then* that joy and sacred love—
Not grief alone could wake the fount of tears;
Nor, while those pearly drops bedew'd thine eye,
That thoughts of Christ and glory thrill'd thy soul.

Well, thou art home at last! Upon the King,
Thy Saviour, in his beauty hast thou gazed;
And He, who to the living fountains leads
His ransom'd ones, hath wiped thy tears away.

And now once more farewell, thou dear old Book!
I love thee more than ever now, since 'tis
To thee I owe these recollections sweet
Of childhood's days, and mother's prayers, and thoughts
Of home and heaven!

GERTRUDE;

OR,

THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

THE principal charm of Gertrude Russel was her beauty. Her dark auburn hair, the vermillion of her cheeks, her graceful form, did not fail to attract admiration. The power which she possessed over those who sought her society, did not consist in her fascinating and brilliant conversation; but still they felt it to be a charm and a vision of gladness to be in her presence. She had every opportunity of cultivating her mind: but she could not endure the tedium of the school-room, and to books whose tendency was to improve the intellect or heart, she cherished an unconquerable aversion. She could weep profusely over a tragedy, and sit delighted for hours over the creations of fancy. She was sensitive, but to scenes of *unreal* suffering, and had few tears to shed over the actual miseries of life. Indeed, to these she was a stranger, for her time was mostly occupied in calls and company. Her father, a plain man, of the Puritan stamp, was proud of her, and pleased with the attention of her many admiring friends. Her every wish was gratified, and she lived without reason or restraint. She possessed few qualifications for a wife, but her personal charms were such as effectually to captivate the heart of a thoughtless heir, somewhat older than herself. He had first admired Gertrude as he admired a beautiful landscape or painting. He was fascinated with her beauty. At length his admiration deepened into love. She began to live in his thoughts, in his affections, in his hopes; in a word, her presence became indispensable to his happiness. He knelt—he *worshipped* at her shrine. He sought her hand; the proposals were accepted, and they were married. He was every way her superior, and was worthy a nobler mind and heart. Her *vanity* rather than her love was gratified by the alliance; and when the assiduities of promiscuous suitors were at an end, she found herself fast sinking in the dead calm of insipidity. When love was no more, other passions sprang up with all the luxuriance of weeds in a soil where no salutary herb has been planted in the vernal season. Envy, pride and jeal-

ousy flourished and grew to a sickening maturity. She cast a thick gloom over that sanctuary which should have been eradicated with perpetual sunshine. Though she had food and raiment, and even the luxuries and elegancies of life, yet happiness from her heart was excluded, and the deep shadows of an oppressive melancholy gathered about her. She fancied that no one was as miserable as herself, and that, had she married differently, she might have found the elysium to which her beauty entitled her. With this persuasion, and without the habit or ability to seek amusement in the walks of literature, she found no diversion so congenial to her taste as that of reproaching her husband as the cause of all her misfortunes. If he attempted to reason or remonstrate, she regarded it as opposition to her wishes, and the ready lightning kindled in her eye, her cheek glowed with indignation, while her tongue gave utterance to every word of bitter and burning reproach. Thus her vociferations were continually re-echoed from the parlor to the kitchen, except in the awful and ominous pause of a sullen silence. Still that tender passion, which incorporates itself into every fibre of the soul and is the last feeling to retreat from the heart, was fruitful in devising means to please her. Her husband attended her to the opera, but the softest music fell upon her ear without exhilarating her heart. She was sullen, sour, unsympathising, ever upon a bed of thorns, though reclining upon the softest cushion, ever complaining, though indulged with every fond caress. She wanted not wealth, nor pleasure, nor conjugal attention, for all these were at her disposal; but she wanted, what many a one wants, when he has all that affluence, honor, and friendship can bestow. She wanted, without being able to specify her wants, but what may be defined by that all-comprehensive word, *happiness*. Her marriage had introduced her into a state of perfect prosperity, only to realize that it is compatible with perfect misery. The evils of life are often imaginary, and yet they press heavily upon the heart. It was so in the present instance; she had a good home and a

good husband, but still that favored spot which her young imagination had painted had not been reached or realized. She had never stooped to observe how half the world live—how many are doomed to poverty and affliction—how many ardently cherished hopes are crushed in their embryo. Had she been more familiar with such scenes, her life might have been sunnier and happier. It was the influence of such a contrast which she needed. She needed to know that there were those who bore up cheerfully and hopefully under the actual burdens of life—that it is the state of the heart, and not external circumstances which throws its light or dark shades upon life's picture, and mingles joy or sorrow in the cup we are doomed to drink. That she might learn this lesson, the husband of Gertrude, without stating his design, solicited her company through parts of the city which she had not seen, and whose novelty at least might interest her. They had passed through a number of streets, when they reached an alley, dark and forbidding. A heavy frown was upon the face of Gertrude, and she was reluctant to enter. "Gratify me this once," said the husband, "and you shall never regret it." She could not understand the object of such a visit to such a place. The emotions of fear, and anger, and eagerness to know the result, darkly mingled together. They entered a miserable dwelling, which seemed ready to fall beneath the weight of its own weakness. They found themselves at length in an attic chamber, so low that they could scarcely stand upright. There was but one window, and the broken panes being filled with rags, but very imperfectly admitted the light. In a dark corner of the room stood a bedstead without furniture, and on it lay the dead mother, who had survived but three weeks after having given birth to an infant. The father was sitting on a little stool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavoring to keep the little one warm in his bosom. Five of the seven children were asking their father for a piece of bread, while a fine boy of about three years old was standing by his mother, at the bedside, and crying, as he went to do, "Take me, take me, mamma." "Mamma is asleep," said one of his sisters, with tears standing on her cheeks, which she tried to conceal. "Mamma is asleep, Johnny; go play with the baby on papa's knee." The father took him up on his knee, and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb and in a

state of temporary insensibility, burst into a torrent of tears, and relieved his heart, which seemed ready to break. "Don't cry, papa," said the eldest boy, "our Sunday school teacher will come soon with a loaf of bread, and mamma will wake, and she shall have the largest piece." The mother had died away gently and beautiful as the hues of evening, so that the children knew not that she was dead. But the awful stroke had fallen upon the father's heart, and he felt it. Gertrude had never witnessed such a scene of poverty and distress, and, as she thought of these motherless babes, pleading in their young innocence even for a morsel of bread, she was silent and self-convicted, and the large tear drops hung upon her eyelashes without dropping. "You are sadly afflicted," said her husband to the bereaved man, "and perhaps we obtrude upon your grief. We come to proffer our sympathy and aid." "You are very kind, sir. I am indeed an afflicted man. She who has been the light and joy of my happy family, is no more; but she died in faith, and I murmur not. I have an internal source of comfort, which misfortune and affliction cannot reach." "Do you mean to say that you are happy in these circumstances of trial?" "I know what trial is; mine has been a hard and toiling lot; I have had to battle against misfortune and difficulty; I have been reduced to extreme poverty by the intrigue and cruelty of professed friends; and now God has taken my wife, who has nobly shared my trials, and ever cast the light of a cheerful, hoping faith upon my path; but still I bow meekly to His will, knowing that all things are for the best, the *very best*." Such were the trial and triumph, the faith and fortitude of this afflicted man. There was a mystery here which Gertrude could not solve. Her heart was touched, chastened, and subdued. She had learned a lesson which she could never forget. She had learned that happiness is not dependent upon external circumstances—that the sacred talisman which possesses the power to expel uneasiness and discontent from the heart is not removed to an impassible distance—that this invaluable treasure is not the mysterious deposit of some unknown place, but that of all things it is the most obvious and the most accessible. She retired from that scene grateful for the lesson she had learned, determined to seek that good which consists not in the unsafe and the unsatisfying. Her false views of life and

happiness being corrected, I need not say that she became a changed woman, a contented wife, a loving companion. But alas! the subject of this sketch finds its counterpart in many a fair and fashionable circle. It is not from garrets and cellars deep and damp, where human beings are congregated in poverty and wretchedness, that the loudest sighs are often heard and the most ungrateful complainings are uttered; but from stately palaces and elysian bowers, into which one might suppose discontent could never enter. It is not poverty in rags that calls most loudly for our compassion; it is poverty with purple upon her shoulders that is most to be pitied. From the former, industry may extricate or charity may relieve. But the necessity which grows out of excess is apparently without hope of remedy. Humanity holds out her helping hand in vain; she cannot reach it. It is a gloom over which prosperity can shed no ray of light—a sadness which pleasure cannot cheer. On the eminences of life many have found the pit of despair, and in the midst of the most redundant possessions have been reduced to the very extremities of need.

What, then, will meet and satisfy their wants? Let them leave for a moment their elevated position, and descend to the humble habitations of real and unaffected woe. Instead of spending their hours in brooding over their own imaginary evils, let them mingle in scenes of real suffering—let them unloose the hand of avarice, and scatter blessings upon the path of the needy—let them “visit the widows and fatherless in their afflictions,” and unless their hearts are dead to every generous impulse, they will return from such benevolent excursions with sunnier faces and happier hearts, better prepared to appreciate the good which they have to enjoy, and with braver, stronger hearts to bear up under the evils which are real and unavoidable. And if these pages should fall under the eye of a discontented wife, another Gertrude, let her know that there are those less fortunate than she, whose earthly lot is hard, but who are sustained by the lofty faith, that their present sufferings are not worthy to be compared to the glory hereafter to be revealed, when every tear shall be converted into a jewel, and every trial into a crown.

BETHLEHEM.

(SEE PLATE.)

BETHLEHEM, the birth-place of David and our Saviour Jesus Christ, is a village in Palestine, a part of Syria, in the Pachalic of Damascus, five miles from Jerusalem, at the foot of a hill covered with vines and olive trees; which, however, is not the mount of Olives mentioned in the Bible. An aqueduct conveys water from the hill to the village. It has 300 houses and 2,400 Greek and Armenian inhabitants, who make wooden rosaries and crucifixes, inlaid with mother of pearl, for pilgrims; also excellent white wine. In a rich grotto, furnished with silver and crystal

lamps, under the choir of a church of a convent in this village, a trough of marble is shown, which is said to be the manger in which Jesus was laid after his birth. There are three convents there for Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians. The greatest ornament of the place is the stately church erected by the empress Helena over the place where Christ is said to have been born, and bearing her name. It is built in the form of a cross, and the top commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

EXAMPLE.

WE live in a social world. We are not isolated and independent beings, but are related to each other by the most tender and endearing ties. We are treading amid the most solemn relations. The thoughts we utter, the actions we do, are not like waves, which leave no ripple marks behind them. They possess a most energetic vitality, and live either for good or evil, when the tongue is mute and the hand is still. They have a formative influence over the character and destiny of others. Every man's example, be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, is felt. It is often said, and truly, that it is an awful thing to die—to plunge into the deep shadows of the untried and the boundless; but it is fully as awful a thing to live—to live so as to keep one's name unsullied—to live so as to inflict no injury upon others, and especially to live *wrong*—to live so as to be reproached by others and our own consciences. Is it not an awful power which man possesses to strike to the earth the dearest hopes—to dash from the sunlit heights of innocence some young and trusting heart—to bring a cloud over that bright and joyous being who has sacrificed for him all that is honorable in womanhood, and leave her to eat her bread in tears, amid the bitter memories of guilt and the agonies of hopeless abandonment? To him it will be awful, when left alone with his conscience, and the sun-fires of everlasting truth blazing over the field of his memory, to reflect, "I did that dreadful wrong; I seduced that heart from virtue; I made, by my example, that man a gambler or a drunkard." When conscience rouses herself as an avenger—when remorse takes up her scorpion lashes, and plies such a man with the idea of guilt—how every fountain of earthly bliss is poisoned! He is "like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." The choicest wines may sparkle upon his board, and the softest music may warble through his halls, but from the high battlements of conscience will be heard ominous and awful voices, and a mysterious hand will be seen writing *words prophetic* of his doom. If he "sleep, spectres haunt him in his night visions, and eyes which he hath filled with tears gaze reproachfully upon him; and, if he wakes, it is only to be-

hold the dim shadows of a veiled and veritable retribution.

"Thus writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed to heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within 'tis death."

This is no fancy sketch, but what is realized by many a one, whose influence and example have led others astray. Could that heart, black as death, and bleeding with its self-inflicted wounds, speak, what sad tales of horror and hopelessness would it utter! Look along the streets of the crowded city, as the tides of human life sweep by you at night-fall. Some, with haggard faces, are skulking forward to that den of infamy, the *gambling room*. Some, in the wild roar of appetite, are hurrying to the dram-shops. Some, thoughtless and jovial, are crowding to the theatre. At the corners of the streets, and in the deep shadows of the houses, there are figures moving mysteriously. Alas! these last are the daughters of shame; once they were beautiful and innocent as the dream of infancy; but now they are the children of reproach and sorrow. Smiles may at times be seen on their sad faces, but they are chill and sickly, like moonbeams creeping over a grave-stone. Who made those gamblers, those drunkards, those daughters of shame? Those men and women have not been hurled from the heights of honor and influence without the power of example. There cannot be this awful wreck of character and hope without deep guilt somewhere. There is dreadful guilt on *them*—sin-spots on their souls; but there is guilt elsewhere, and perhaps it may be traced to those who revel in their wealth and move respectably in the walks of gaiety and fashion—to those who might send gushing rills of gladness over all the family relations, but which are left desolate as the chambers of death. The future will doubtless reveal strange mysteries, "for God will bring every secret thing into judgment." Reader, let your example be such as to charm and attract to virtue and to truth. "Be watchful, be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

THE SPRING CROCUS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Dainty young thing
Of life! thou venturous flower,
Who growest through the hard, cold bower
Of wintry spring.

Thy fancied bride,
The delicate Snow-drop, keeps
Her home with thee,
Near thy true side.

Will man but hear!
A simple flower can tell
What beauties in his mind should dwell
Through passion's sphere."

SYSTEMATIC name, *Crocus vernus*; Class III.,
Triandria; Order I., Monogynia; Natural
Order, Iridæ.

Generic Character.—Spathé radical: corol
superior, funnel-form, with a slender tube:
stigma deep-gashed, crested: capsule three-
celled, three-valved, with a loculicidal dehi-
scent.

Specific Character.—Petals three: stamens
three, arising from the base of the sepals:
root tuberous,—perennial.

Geography.—A native of the east, but now
found growing wild in England and other
temperate parts of Europe; cultivated in our
gardens for ornament.

Properties.—According to Lindley, the Cro-
cus is more remarkable for its beautiful flow-
ers than for its utility. The substance called
saffron is the dried stigmas of the *Crocus sativus*. Its coloring ingredient is a peculiar
principle, remarkable for being totally de-
stroyed by the solar rays—of coloring, in small
quantity, a large body of water, and of form-
ing blue and green tints when treated with
sulphuric and nitric acid, or with sulphate of
iron. Saffron has a very pleasant, aromatic
smell, and a fine, aromatic bitter taste. When
chewed, it immediately imparts a deep yellow
color to the saliva. It was formerly thought
to possess remarkably exhilarating qualities,
and in large doses was said to occasion im-
moderate mirth, involuntary laughter, and the
ill effects which follow from the abuse of

spirituous liquors. Recent experiments, how-
ever, have proved these assertions to be with-
out foundation, so that the rank it once held
in the Materia Medica is greatly diminished.

Remarks.—Crocus is from Κροκος, saffron.
The story of the beautiful youth, Crocus, may
be seen in the fourth book of Ovid's Meta-
morphoses. He became enamored of the
nymph Smilax, and was changed into this
flower on account of the impatience of his
love, and Smilax was metamorphosed into a
yew-tree. Some derive the name from κροκη
or κροκίς, a thread; whence the stamens of
flowers are called κροκίδες. Others, again, de-
rive it from Coriscus, a city and mountain of
Cilicia, and others still from the Chaldee, cro-
kin. Its specific name, *vernus*, alludes to the
season of its blossoming. It is a very beau-
tiful flower, appearing in March and April,
just as the Snow-drop begins to decline. Yel-
low, blue or purple, and white, are supposed
to be the different colors it originally possess-
ed, but the florist has produced about fifty
varieties, which exhibit almost as great a
number of hues. It may be made to blossom
in the green-house or parlor, as well as the
Narcissus, Jonquil, &c. "It is a remarkable
circumstance of the Crocus, that it keeps its
petals expanded during tolerably bright candle
or lamp light, in the same manner as it does
during the light of the sun. If the candle
be removed, the Crocus closes its petals, as it
does in a garden when a cloud obscures the
sun; and when the artificial light is restored,
they open again, as they do with the return
of the direct solar rays."

Sentiment.—Youthful gladness.

This sentiment is very beautifully express-
ed in the following lines by Miss Hannah F.
Gould, entitled "The Crocus' Soliloquy:"

Down in my solitude, under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

* Bridgeman's "Florist's Guide."

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
 Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
 My leaves shall run up and my roots shall run
 down,
 While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
 From this cold dungeon to free me,
 I will peer up with my little bright head;
 All will be joyful to see me.

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
 When to their view I have risen,
 Will they not wonder how one so serene
 Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
 This little lesson may borrow—
 Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
 We come out the brighter to-morrow!

WHAT SEEK YE FROM EARTH?

WHAT seek ye from earth? Seek ye grandeur or state,
 The pride of the wealthy, the pomp of the great?
 Seek ye honor—the honor that cometh from men?
 And a name broad enrolled on the records of fame?

Or choose ye the quiet pursuits of the learned?
 Has genius' bright fire on your heart's altar burned?
 And would you the dim tracks of science explore,
 Or in fancy's bright regions more fetterless soar?

Or seek ye for friendship, that jewel so choice?
 Or does Love lure your soul with her Circean voice,
 And charm you with visions of long peaceful life,
 Afar from the busy world's tumult and strife.

Are such your fond dreams and pursuits? Listen, youth,
 O! list to the counsels of wisdom and truth.
 The objects you chase, tho' so tempting and fair,
 Ere you grasp them, may vanish, like phantoms, in air.

And should you secure them, what then would you gain?
 Some pleasure, perchance, but more sorrow and pain;
 For grandeur and wealth, tho' so brilliant they seem,
 Too often but cover the canker within.

And Fame's but a bubble a breath may dispel,
 And knowledge—ask yonder pale student, he'll tell
 That, with all he thro' years of hard study has gained,
 He scarcely as yet has the portals attained.

And friendship and love, tho' of all earthly joys
 The sweetest and purest, how great their alloys!
 How oft prove they false, and how fleeting at best!
 Too often torn from us ere fairly possessed.

And are such, then, earth's treasures, so eagerly sought,
 With health, life, aye! e'en with the *soul* often bought?
 O! turn from them—let your best efforts be given
 To those pure, *fadeless* treasures, found only in heaven?

M. G. B.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

✚ We notice with sorrow the intelligence brought by late arrivals from Europe, of the death of the Swedish poet TEGNER. *ESIAS TEGNER*, bishop of Wexjö, and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund as a student, and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexjö, which office he held till the time of his death. Professor Longfellow, our own gifted countryman, speaks of him as the first of the poets of Sweden of this age; a man of grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen were proud of him, and rejoiced in his fame. Longfellow has introduced him to our acquaintance by admirable translations of some of his poems, as portions of the "Frithiof Saga" and his "Children of the Lord's Supper," which may be found, together with a synopsis of the Bishop's writings, in the "Poetry and Poets of Europe." We are tempted to quote a passage from the "Children of the Lord's Supper," in which the venerable white-haired pastor imparts his advice to the young catechumens of the church, on the occasion of their admission to the holy ordinance:

Therefore, take from henceforth as guides in the path of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping;
Calmly she gazes around on the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble—
Follows so long as she may, her friend; O, do not reject her,
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of Heaven.
Prayer is Innocence's friend, and willingly fleeth incessant
Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of Heaven.
Hope—so is called upon earth man's recompense—Hope, the befriending,
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows.
Races better than we have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in Heaven,
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

But we must stop short with our extract, sensible that we can give no adequate idea of the beauty of the poem otherwise than by presenting it entire and perfect.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.—One of the finest descriptions of this scene is that by Mr. Headley, in his "Letters from Italy." "One by one the groups retired, and I was left alone with the Coliseum and the night. Behind me stood the arch of Constantine—on my left was the Palatine hill, the Roman Forum with its few remaining columns and the Capitol, and beneath me was the arena, where thousands had been 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' Up those very stone steps below me had passed hasty feet more than a thousand years ago. Right around me had been the bustle and hum of the eager assembly. Before me, through that grand archway in which now the bayonet of a solitary sentinel glistened, had passed the triumphant Cæsars, while the mighty edifice rocked to the shout of the people. Beneath me, far down in the arena, on which the moonlight lay so gracefully, had stood the gladiator, while his quick ear caught the roar of the lion, aroused for the conflict. '*Hic habet*' had been shouted from where I lay, as the steel entered some poor fellow's bosom. There the dying gladiator had lain, as the life-stream ebbed slowly away; while his thoughts, far from the scene of strife, reckless who was the victor, were

'Where his rude body by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother.'

Oh! what wild heart-breakings had been in that arena! Every inch of it had been soaked in blood, and yet not a stain was left—not a scar remained to tell of the death struggles these walls had witnessed! The Cæsars and the people, the slave and the martyred Christian had all passed away. Thought crowded upon thought as I looked down, till the solitude and silence became too painful for me. I seemed to have lived years in those few minutes. * * I returned through the Basilica of Constantine, and while standing and musing over one of its fallen columns, I suddenly heard the scream of a night bird, which came from the Palatine hill, and was echoed back by another from near the Capitol. I had never heard it then, though I often have since. It was a shrill, single cry, that, heard amidst those ruins, at midnight, was indescribably thrilling. Right above me, on a ruined front, leaned several marble statues, in attitudes so natural, that it was almost impossible to believe they were not human beings keeping watch among the ruins. Just then the wind began to sweep by in gusts, shaking the ivy over my head, while the wild, mournful cry of that night bird seemed like the wail of a ghost amid the surrounding desolation. The hour, the place, and the silence made it too lonely. It was dreadful."

THE AFRICAN'S NOTION OF THE GOSPEL AND WAR.—We see it stated that an American Missionary lately made application to the principal chief of the Mendi tribe of Africans, requesting him to call his people together, in order that the Missionary might preach the Gospel to them. After a few moments' reflection, the chief replied that he could not assent to the wish of the Missionary. "You want to come," said the African, "and hold God-palaver and Gospel-palaver with my people. Now I have gunpowder; I have sword, and I am going to fight my enemies; but if you hold God-palaver and Gospel-palaver with my people, they wont help me fight. I will whip my enemies first, and then my people may hear your Gospel-palaver." How entirely behind the age was this poor Negro! He might have learned that we in this Christian country have no sort of difficulty in attending to both war and gospel at the same time. We can even send bowie-knives and Bibles in the same cargo, and by the same hands, to those who are doing our fighting in Mexico. Will not some one enlighten the Mendi man in regard to the usages of Christian countries?

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—It is profitable to mark the path of the upright, and note their last end. The effect of such scenes, even upon wicked men, is seen in the case of the miserable Balaam, who could not help exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Of interesting examples of Christian dying, we may refer to that of the sainted George Herbert. "I now look back," said he, just before dying, "upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the pleasure I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, and they are now all past from me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now make my bed with Job, in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not now to learn patience when I stand in such need of it, and that I have endeavored to die daily, that I may not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain, and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from all sin and from all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem—dwell with men made perfect—dwell where these eyes shall see my dear Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and with him see my dear

mother and my pious relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place." The dying hours of the pious and "judicious Hooker" were similarly filled with holy peace and calmness, so that even after so long a time one seems drawn back to the spot, and made to breathe the air of the chamber where he yielded up his spirit. We have need often to place our hearts under the influence of such scenes as those which signalize the departure to their rest of the servants of God.

THINK OF THE POOR!—Every reader of this paragraph is requested to consider the poor, and to inquire if there is not some one or more of them in his vicinity who need his assistance. No labors are so richly rewarded as labors of love. No investment commands such a premium. "Have you any old shoes, hats, caps, coats, pants, vests? Distribute them to the poor children in your neighborhood. God's poor are all about you, soliciting charity through their ragged clothing and protruding limbs. Be not backward in doing good. Open your ears to the cries of hunger and distress. Distribute what you have—anything will be acceptable but advice. Do you know it?—Angels hover over the path that leads to honest poverty—and, they who pass it often receive a blessing from the skies."

A PICTURE.—There is something exceedingly natural, simple, and touching in this little picture:

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies.
The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother dead
Had sat in the same, same place.
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal,
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel—
And the old brass clock on the mantletree,
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the father sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow, and the head so fair,
Of his sweet grand-child was prest;
His head, bent down, on her soft head lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day!

DIRGE.—“GO TO THY REST.”

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

Tenor. p mod.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose.

2d Treble. p mod.

2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee, we need not weep,

Air. p mod.

3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore,

Base. p mod.

Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease, From earth - ly cares in

Since thou art found a - mong the blest, No more by sin and

This thought our sor - row shall be - guile, For soon with a ce -

"GO TO THY REST."

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sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gent - ly close, From earth - ly
 sor - row pressed, But hushed in qui - et sleep, No more by
 les - tial smile, We meet to part no more, For soon with

cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gent - ly
 sin and sor - row pressed, But hushed in gen - tle
 a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no

1st and 2d time

3d time

close, gent - ly close.
 sleep, gen - tle sleep.
 more, We meet to part no more.

PARLOR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC COMMENTARY.—This commentary on the Bible, from the works of Henry, Scott, and upwards of one hundred other eminent writers, is rapidly progressing in its course of publication from the press of Shannon & Co., William street, New York. We have heretofore spoken of this work as one eminently entitled to the patronage of the Christian public, and every examination we have given the work confirms us in the high opinion we expressed of the first numbers. It is indeed a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the work, that it is simply a reprint of the edition published by the Religious Tract Society of London. The type, paper, and entire mechanical execution of the work are of the best description. Altogether, it is richly deserving of extensive patronage. The religious press of all evangelical denominations throughout the country speak of it in warm terms of commendation.

LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING.—Two of the choicest volumes in the series have just made their appearance: "The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, by Isaac Walton; with a Life of the Author, by Bishop Touch." The memories of good men are precious and fragrant at all times, but especially so when embalmed by so rare and choice a spirit as that of Walton. It is impossible to read these volumes as they should be read without imbibing, in some measure, a spirit greatly superior to that which is nurtured by the every day influences that surround us in this day of stir, and noise, and money-making. We need a large infusion of the spirit of George Herbert in these times, and as tending thereto, we urge the purchase and the thoughtful reading of these volumes. Burgess, Stringer & Co. and Wm. Taylor have the book for sale.

A NEW WORK.—Wiley & Putnam announce as forthcoming a new work on Chaucer, by an American scholar. We happen to know something of this American scholar, and his fitness for the interesting task he has undertaken; and we risk nothing in predicting that his labors, when made public, will command the admiration of the lovers of elegant literature, and open new sources of gratification to many to whom the wells of "English undefiled" have heretofore been sealed.

BOOKS OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—We are desirous of making our readers

better acquainted with the Depository of the American Sunday School Union, No. 147 Nassau street. A recent examination of the list of publications issued and for sale at this Depository surprised even us; for, long as we have known it, we were scarcely aware of the extent, variety, and general excellence of its publications. We are persuaded that but few besides those accustomed to visit these rooms have any conception of the great and important service rendered by the society in the way of providing "books which are books," not only for youth and children, but for the most accomplished minds. And then the low prices are astonishing. Think of such books as the "Life of Luther," 192 pages; "Cowper's Task," same size, and many others, for the trifling sum of 12 1-2 cents.

HOW TO BE A LADY, a Book for Girls, by Harvey Newcomb, author of the "Young Lady's Guide." The principles of Christianity reduced to practice, would make us perfect examples of true politeness and gentility. All the rules of all the Chesterfields, all the practice of the ball and drawing-room, never made a gentleman or lady; never did more than inculcate a sorry imitation and outside show of real gentility. True gentility in man or woman is simply a carrying out in our intercourse with others the benevolence of the Gospel. Mr. Newcomb, therefore, very properly, instead of prescribing a code of manners, or making a book on etiquette, applies himself to the inculcation of moral principles, and shows their application to the duties and relations of life.

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—This truly valuable work is appearing in numbers, semi-monthly, and is for sale at the stores of Graham, Burgess, Stringer & Co., and Wm. Taylor & Co. The work comprises a selection of the choicest productions of English authors from the earliest to the present time, connected by a critical and biographical history, handsomely illustrated. This is decidedly one of the richest and most desirable publications that has yet made its appearance. It would cost hundreds of dollars to obtain the various authors separately, which, in the present form, are furnished in 16 numbers, at 25 cents each. We cordially recommend the work to our readers, and hope the enterprise of the publishers may be well rewarded.



W. H. F. 1894

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CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1847.

THE GIPSY.

CHAPTER I.

"So it comes towards us, does it? By all the deities of the Pagans, we must make confession, before the holy fathers are swept away."

"Yea, not thy tender conscience, Lemur; though ten thousand plagues should chase each other round the world, thou wouldst still see the priest's gown and friar's hood dragging thy steps."

"Out upon you, thou art no friend to the clergy, Aleus; but believe me, there is no prize like this anna valley. Long live the priest-hood, and may many seasons be required—"

"Hold thy ungodly tongue, and look upon our worthy Isaac. Ha! Jew, so thou fearst this plague! Fy, it should shorten thy existence of blasphemy!" The speaker gazed sarcastically at the haggard visage of the money-lender, now shakily gale with terror, and scornfully asked, "It must be hard to part from thy treasured hoards of gold, oblige worthy man's affection."

"Or perhaps, Isaac, thou art advised how thy cursed race was told unmercifully for the pestilence, which, but a few years ago, lapped the air with its radiant wings. Look, Aleus, it is so. The Jew ever shudders from me, doubtless, friend Isaac, thou hast begged money to our children of the third generation."

instead of stretching thy tender limbs on the rosy coals of Christianity? Remember, old man, if the plague rid the earth of thy hideous form, we bid it good speed. Who but a Hebrew of the Hebrews, could extort mercy from the brotherhood of the Bohemian forest? Alas, the son becomes; let us be gone."

The reckless gipsies, turned from the money-stall and the Jew, regardless of their bitter taunt, dashed his hands lightly together, till the nails parted the parchment-like skin, and blood dropped on the grass before him. Each of the passing throng quickened his step, and touched his breast; one who-paved, "His noble appearance, with his family, seemed to hold a secret power and mastery." He seems to work with the power of the spirit of the plague. The whole of the crowd of gipsies.

While these things were passing, a troop of gipsies, the city, the bulging crowd, the whole of the vast city of Prague, the whole of the streets, the whole of the world, were urged forward, the whole of the life of life.

CHAPTER II.

"Seven hundred years! As the clock strikes, he told their lapses, what countless years."